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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1914.

**THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast
are served together with untiring regularity
in the Best Homes of Richmond.
Is your morning program completed?**

A Mere Trifle

A FLOOD sweeps over Manila and eight men lose their lives. Who cares? What matters the death of eight men by accident when thousands are being killed with deliberation daily? What matters the destruction of a few homes in far off Manila when the bodies of neutral people are being ravished and destroyed? Eight men dead! They hardly shake the balances. Nature must go get a reputation if it wishes to compete with humans at the game of slaughter.

Benedict XV.

THE late Pope is reported to have said a few hours before his death that in other times the Pope by a word could have stopped war. That may be true, but it is just as well that those times, if they ever existed, have passed. Such power lodged in the hands of any one man is too great a price to pay, even for the end of the greatest crime in the history of the civilized world.

Nevertheless, the Pope of Rome undoubtedly possessed a great influence for peace, if he wished to exercise it. The Times-Dispatch is frank to say that it does not know of any means by which Benedict XV. can end this great and singular struggle, but that does not relieve him of the duty of exercising whatever influence he may possess upon the warring nations. If he, by diligently seeking the way can earn for himself a part in restoring peace to a distracted world, he will gain far greater title to honor and glory than has just been bestowed upon him.

Chinese Neutrality

SOMETHING else that is not our business is the Japanese violation of the neutrality of China. Even should China protest to the United States government, nothing more than a formal recitation of that protest could be done, probably. But China has not protested and is not expected to take any action. American officials are said to take the view that Japannech as China has not made formal protest, and has announced that she will not oppose the landing of Japanese troops on her territory, there is not likely to be any diplomatic complications between the United States and Japan. It is difficult to understand why any official should take the trouble to make so obvious a statement. It is difficult to understand how any complications could arise, even if China did protest. The world saw China made the camping ground of armies during the Russo-Japanese War, and it can probably stand the temporary pollution of a part by Japanese troops.

The War Poets

DISAPPOINTMENT is general at the poor quality of the verses with which poets major and minor have celebrated the outbreak and continuance of the world's greatest war. Not much was expected from Poet laureate Bridges, and he kept up to an acceptable level. William Wordsworth has not added to his fame by his lines to the gallant Belgians, nor can it be truly said that Rudyard Kipling, in the verses which have come over the cables, has increased his poetic stature. A great many lauds of the earlier Kipling had claimed that he, who had proved in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that he was a fine poet of sea-songs, would prove equal to this, the greatest of occasions. With his own England fighting for the preservation of the empire, it was shown that the poet of empire would prove equal to the task.

The last poet, perhaps, is fitly suited to the Great poems of war or anything else, are not written until time permits the writing of events to be seen in perspective. It may be that some future poet will fittingly celebrate this war. The real poem of all time with a dauntless attainment of it. Some few may succeed in giving some sort of expression to some small incident in it, just as盲人 almost succeeded in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

To Read Dry Rot

There was nothing there is nothing much to read but war and rumors of war, with the exception that for a decade the best sellers will be histories of the same meane, one almost with intent to snub "dry rot" as is found in the Congressional Records and agricultural bulletins. And one finds to his astonishment that this "dry rot" is mighty interesting reading when approached from the proper angle.

Picking up a agricultural bulletin simply, buying entomology and bringing it to the printer to help him in his battles with insects, we find an absorbing history of bugs, beginning 5,000 years B. C. with the sacred beetle of Egypt that was believed to spring from a seed rolled in a ball of dirt, or from the power of the beetle to bring itself to life after and death. This beetle was nothing more nor less than the common tumble-beetle of today in species, and yet when one looks back in "dry rot" reading he takes on a sort of thrill, for he has an ancient history and most honorable associations to his credit.

This war doesn't prove that Christianity is a failure, it merely proves there are not enough Christians.

It isn't so much what one reads, as whether one cares to be interested; and if any man wearsies of war, war, war as demand full columns and pages from day to day, he will find a happy haven of intellectual rest in those things which he has previously dispised or hoisted out of his system. Studying the weather map is entertaining and instructive; calculating the nearest approach to a possible fourth dimension is a pleasant autumn pastime for the mathematically inclined; exploring local guides for things you don't know about the town in which you live is another.

But what's the use? We're all reading war now, and perhaps it has its advantages. Certainly the world has never before studied so much geography, international law and science of war—all of which, by the way, in times of peace would be classified as "dry rot" along with the agricultural reports.

High Prices and Free Markets

WHILE the government is trying to find some way to reach that most abominable of all bugs, the man who takes advantage of great crises to boost food prices for his own profit, New York has gone about furnishing immediate relief by giving the food manipulator a little competition.

The price boosters pushed everything as high as they could, and were about to combine for another little shove toward that splendid pale orb over which the fabled cow is supposed to have jumped, when it occurred to the local authorities that the proceeding was a trifle too redolent of highway robbery. There being no way immediately to stop the piffling, the next best thing was to under self.

So four free markets were opened, so distributed as to serve every part of the city. The space was given absolutely free to dealers in provisions, and every facility for sharp competition was furnished. It is said—and is possibly true—that a few hucksters and others employed by some one interested went about the first day, offering their wares at less than the prevailing price, and steadily, stubbornly forcing down any fancy price that dared to offer.

The free markets were bombarded by such a terrific quartet of crowds that police reserves were called out to keep down what looked like a possible riot. And the officials, after making a round of the markets, declared that the free space for merchants had delivered knock-out blow to the gongers who seized upon war as an excuse for sandbagging the gentle consumer.

It is a refreshing experiment. It possibly demonstrates that almost any corner may be broken by a little intelligent opposition to cornering methods. A corner cannot stand unless it undersells competition, and free markets make possible the underselling. No man, no group of men, should be permitted to tamper with the right of the great consuming public to buy food at reasonable prices, and when plenty is in the land and war lays an embargo on exports, the hoarding of supplies for speculative purposes should be nothing less than a sort of treason.

In so far as it has made a beginning, the free market, as a club to drive speculators out of the American food corners, must command respect. Possibly on a larger scale the government may some day find a way to upset the horn of plenty when private speculators would seal it against the people.

Wilson Not a Candidate

SOME of our contemporaries have recently spoken carelessly of Wilson as a candidate for a second Democratic nomination for the presidency. There is absolutely no evidence that he is a candidate, though there is overpowering evidence that he will be the nominee. President Wilson has never given any indication that he has given any thought to his political future; he has never given indication of anything more strongly than that he has not thought of it at all. In no sense of the word is he a candidate for any office. He is President of the United States, thinks as President of the United States, if his words be any indication of the trend of his thoughts; acts as President of the United States, and never by word or deed has he taken on the garb of candidate. Indeed, he has frequently spoken, written and acted as if he not only cared nothing for a renomination, but actually did not wish it. More than once he has taken a position calculated, so far as human perspicacity can judge, to destroy his chances. That in each instance the end has increased his strength proves only that the people admire and respect a man who performs his duty without thought of personal fortune and now, as ever, glory success. It is by doing his duty as he saw it and leaving success or failure to the future, and not by any calculations of his own, that he has made his nomination in 1916 as much a certainty as anything in the future can be. Those who speak of him as a candidate do him an injustice.

The Lesson of the Past

IT is entirely too early to begin discussion of the terms of peace treaty which will end this war, but one thing is certain, which ever wins. There will be certain, which ever wins that for a decade the best sellers will be histories of the same meane, one almost with intent to snub "dry rot" as is found in the Congressional Records and agricultural bulletins. And one finds to his astonishment that this "dry rot" is mighty interesting reading when approached from the proper angle.

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Today's best laugh: Germans protesting against the violation of a neutrality treaty.

God also support most brilliantly the Zeppelin bomb-throwers!

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

The Lawrenceville Times produces figures to show that 295,000 persons in Virginia that work for a living, 350,000 are employed upon farms. The above statement shows, says the Times, that, in round figures, half of the working population is engaged in the pursuit of farming, and asks if it is "any wonder that this is a neoporous State?" There is no cause for wonder at all.

"Will America become involved?" asks the Salem Times-Register and Sentinel. Not while Woody is on the job.

"Housewives know something about the effects of the war on the market basket," says the Bradford News. They, and other people know too that the effect of the war on the market basket is sometimes a fiction manufactured by those who have boosted prices arbitrarily.

"Fourteen thousand Russians buried. And well not a single one of them know what they were fighting for," says the Houston Herald. Tell us what they are paid by the mouth and we can tell you what most of them were fighting for. It reminds of the story told of the Union soldier's conversation with the Confederate: "What are you fighting for?" asked the Yankee of the Johnny Reb. "For \$12 a month" was the answer. "What are you fighting for?" "Oh, I'm fighting for honor and glory." "That's right," retorted the Confederate, "we both fight for what we need the most."

"Why this?" asks the Chattooga Enterprise above a three-columned column editorial.

"The winds with American pessimism," excludes the Farmville Herald. Anybody living in this country at this time who can be a pessimist is hopeless. Heaven wouldn't satis-

fy him.

The South Boston News is about to have a birthday, on September 19. It will enter upon its twenty-fifth year. Progress in the next twelve months is all you have in the last, brother Beale, and you will have a paper that will be hard to beat.

The Pittsburgh Tribune also celebrates a birthday this week, beginning with its last issue, its forty-fifth year. Recently the Tribune developed into an eight-page paper, and here's hoping business will soon make ten necessary. As we have more than once remarked, better newspapers will do more for Virginia than more newspapers.

"Are there any trifles?" asks the New Orleans States. To which the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot retorts: "How about the campaign promises of successful aspirants for public office? And how about neutrality treaties when neutrality looms up on the horizon?"

"Votes for Squaws" may never have been inscribed on banners, but political emancipation has begun to concern the eyes of Indian women, nevertheless. At the largest meeting in recent years the Bad River tribe of Chippewa Indians voted without a dissenting voice to grant full suffrage to squaws, but one of the tribes' orators

was so zealous that he was sent off this morning to Castle Thunder were sent off this morning to the Confederate States Penitentiary at Salisbury, N. C.

A man named Oakley Fleming, a resident of Charles City, was brought to this city yesterday to stand trial in Castle Thunder on the charge of harboring runaway negroes and communicating with the enemy.

Both of the markets Saturday were well supplied with meat, vegetables, poultry, eggs and butter. Good beef was sold at the reasonable price of \$3 and \$3.50 a pound.

WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Richmond Dispatch September 5, 1864

A squadron of Yankee cavalry was driven in confusion from the Brunswick stage road to a portion of Roseau's Bridge, Thursday, September 5, leaving ten horse houses with their riders and equipment in our possession. This is represented to have been one of the most exciting races ever witnessed. Our loss was one man killed and two wounded.

A small squad of prisoners was brought over by last evening's train.

There was no shelling of Petersburg either Saturday or yesterday, and, indeed, the Yankees indulged very little in this practice for several days past. The impression prevails that the enemy is massing his forces on the left, and is preparing for some grand movement or that direction.

A collision of the up-and-down trains on the Western Railroad took place about forty miles from Marion, Ga., yesterday, killing thirty-seven wounded soldiers and dreadfully mauling forty. The engine and six cars were completely wrecked.

Another flag-of-truce boat from Fortress Monroe is expected to arrive at Varina this afternoon or to-morrow. It is supposed that she will bring some answer from the Federal government with reference to the exchange of prisoners.

The London Star says Mr. Dickens is at his country home; Mr. Wilkes Collins is on a yachting excursion; Mr. Anthony Trollope is at the English lakes.

Molly Bow, a blockade running steamer, was recently wrecked running into the Charlesburg Harbor on September 1.

Fire last night at about 11 o'clock destroyed an old tenement house in the alley running from Thirteenth to Franklin Streets, between Main and Franklin Streets, and also a brick building and stable nearby.

Sixty-old prisoners confined for some time in Castle Thunder were sent off this morning to the Confederate States Penitentiary at Salisbury, N. C.

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Current Editorial Comment

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They had first to determine what to do with the slaves. The claims of Louis Philippe, the late King's brother, were finally favored, and he received the throne a second time, lasting

from 1848 to 1852. The ones unmet did not give up, however, and he was soon restored to the throne from 1852 to 1855. So for a short time the Bourbons returned.

The boundaries of France were fixed as those of 1792, giving her also some small portions in the north, east and southeast, and some islands. Everything

else was held by the French, and the French were holding in countries around the borders of the dominions while French masters occupied their thrones, and French customs, language and laws prevailed in the realms they formerly had ruled.

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